This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

00
10

600071418R

300 g. 10

O'Mennery
edono Rev.d San. Joh.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

VINCENT BOURNE, M. A.

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINALS AND TRANSLATIONS.

To which are added his

LETTERS.

"I love the memory of VINNY BOURNE. I think him a better "Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any "of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all in- "ferior to *him.*" *Hayley's Life of Cowper.*

A NEW EDITION—IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

OXFORD:

Printed by N. Bliss,

FOR R. BLISS, AND R. BLISS, JUN.

F. C. & J. Rivington, Cuthell & Martin, J. Richardson, and J. Harding, London; and J. Deighton, Cambridge.

1808.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY OXFORD

300. g. 10.

EXTRACT of a Letter from W. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev^d. W. Unwin.

" I LOVE the memory of Vinny Bourne. I " think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, " Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in " *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to " *him.* I love him too, with a love of partiality, " because he was usher of the fifth form at West- " minster, when I passed through it. He was so " good natured, and so indolent, that I lost more " than I got by him; for he made me as idle as " himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had " trusted to his genius as a cloak for every thing " that could disgust you in his person; and in- " deed in his writings, he has almost made amends " for all. His humour is entirely original—he " can speak of a magpie or a cat, in terms so ex-

" quisitely appropriated to the character he draws,
" that one would suppose him animated by the
" spirit of the creature he describes. And with
" all his drollery, there is a mixture of rational,
" and even religious reflection, at times, and al-
" ways an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and hu-
" manity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the
" most amiable writers in the world. It is not
" common to meet with an author, who can
" make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense;
" who is always entertaining, and yet always
" harmless, and who though always elegant, and
" classical, to a degree not always found in the
" classics themselves, charms more by the sim-
" plicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the
" neatness and purity of his verse; yet such was
" poor Vinny." *Hayley's Life of Cowper*, 8vo. edit. vol. i. p. 258.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE Song of the Three Children . . . . p. 2
Canticum Trium Israelitarum 3
Three Divine Hymns, taken from the Spectator.
Hymn the first 18
Hymnus primus 19
Hymn the second 26
Hymnus secundus 27
Hymn the third 31
Hymnus tertius 32
An Ode taken from the Beginning of Psalm xix . . 36
Ode ex Initio Psalmi xix desumpta 37
On the Ascension 40
On All Saints Day 41
In Festum Pentecostes 43
In Idem 44
On the Feast of Pentecost . . . . . ib.
In Festum Sancti Michaelis 45
In Festum Sancti Simonis 46
In Nonas Novembris . . . . . ib.

In Festum Sancti Andreæ . . . . . p. 47
In Festum Divi Thomæ . . . . . ib.
In Calendas Januarii 48
In Epiphaniam 49
In Resurrectionem . . . . . ib.
Hymnus Paschalis 50
In Reditum Caroli Secundi. . . . . ib.
In Miltonum 51
Colin's Complaint 53
Corydon Querens 55
William and Margaret 60
Thyrsis et Chloe 61
The Wish 70
Votum Gault. Pope 75
Sweet William's Farewell 94
Gulielmus Susannæ Valedicens 95
Tweed Side 100
Tueda 101
Lucy and Colin 104
Lucia et Corydon 105
Advice to Chloe 112
Chloe Monita 113
The Fly 116
Musca 117
Invitation to a Robin Redbreast 118
Ad Rubeculam Invitatio 119
The Snow-drop 120
Floræ Primitiæ 121
Love Disarmed 122

Amor Inermis 123
Chloe Hunting 128
Chloe Venatrix 129
The Garland 130
Sertum 131
The Wreath 136
Corolla 137
Melissa 146
Melissa 147
Dedication to the King 154
Dedicatio ad Regem 155
Anus Sæcularis 160
Ad Grillum 162
Solitudo Regia 164
Mutua Benevolentia primaria Lex Naturæ est . . 165
Ad Davidem Cook Nocturnum Custodem . . . 167
In Obitum Roussæi Coll. T. Servi à Cubiculis . . 170
Epitaphium in Canem 171
Epitaphium in Canem 173
Denneri Anus . . . . . ib.
Ad Johannem Perkins Astrologum Cantabrigiensem . 175

THE

SONG

OF THE

THREE CHILDREN.

THE

SONG

OF THE

THREE CHILDREN.

WHATE'ER God's fiat did from nothing raise,
Stupendous product of the first six days,
O bless your Maker, your Creator praise.
In this let jarring elements agree,
Or make from discord sweetest harmony.

Ye sons of light made by his power divine;
By his reflected beams it is you shine;
Your hallelujahs in the chorus join,
That far as creatures can your praise may prove
Great as his power, and endless as his love.

CANTICUM

TRIUM

ISRAELITARUM.

VOS ô, Jehovæ sacra potentia
Quæcunque verbo fecit amabili;
In ordinem quæcunque certum
Tam bene disposuit Creator;
Sublime carmen dicite, dicite
Sublime numen: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem,
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Æterna cæli vos habitacula,
Excelsiores spirituum domus;
Vos quæ triumphis personatis
Angelicis, superûmque cantu;
Cæleste carmen jungite, jungite
Cæleste nostro: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem,
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Praise him, ye heavens, long as your frame shall
last,
Who like a curtain spread the azure waste,
And in your happy realms his throne has plac'd :
His utmost splendor still to you appears ;
O tune in praise the music of your spheres.

Waters, that by the Almighty plac'd above,
Fixt as your firmament for ever prove :
Praise him whose spirit did on the waters move ;
Who made you free from winds and storms below ;
Whose praise can never ebb, nor ever flow.

Thrones, potentates, dominions, powers on high,
Acknowledge your superior in the sky ;
And bless the universal Majesty.
Whose word's omnipotent, whose will is fate,
The only powerful, and the only great.

Vos, suaviores Cælicolûm chori,
Queis plectra, voces queis liquidæ sonant,
Laudate (nam laudare vestrum est)
Harmoniâ potiore numen :
Docete carmen numine dignius,
Docete carmen ; perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Vos, cærulæ nudæ, quæ super ardui
Convexa cæli nubila volvitis ;
Vos jam Jehovæ parituræ
Si jubeat recreare terram ;
Parete nobis (æqua rogabimus)
Parete nobis : perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O Angelorum turba seraphica,
Et principatus, tam varii licet
Sint ordines, omnes eundem
Concinite egregium Jehovam :
Laudate nostrum carminibus patrem,
Laudate vestrum : perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Praise him, O sun ; he on the ethereal throne
Without eclipses has for ever shone,
And gives thee light, and is like thee but one.
Praise him, O moon, in borrow'd lustre bright,
In this be fixt, thou changing queen of night.

Ye twinkling stars of light, your praises shew,
Tis he that does your names and numbers know,
Alike inscrutable to all below.
Each star that does to man its beams dispense,
Praise him, as if inspir'd by some intelligence.

Praise him, ye gentle and refreshing showers,
Praise him, ye dews ; whose pearly moisture pours
Odours and beauties on the vernal flowers.
Who more should choose t' exalt his name than you ?
He father is of rain, begetter of the dew.

O qui benigno lumine ducitis
Labentis anni tempora, vos vagi
Ignes, diurnos ut labores,
Sic renovate melos diurnum.
Vidistis ambo, quot dederit bona,
Monstrâstis ambo : perpetuum Dei
Ergoque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O multa stellarum agmina lucida,
Fulget decore queis variata nox,
Narrate laudes, vos, Jehovæ,
Syderibus numerosiores.
Vos et choreas ducere, vos simul
Cantare nôstis : perpetuum Dei
Ergoque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Dulces tenellis ô pluviæ satis,
Lætique rores imbribus humidis ;
Languentibus qui colla mane
Floribus erigitis, referte
Ut dona numen vos imitantia,
Ut dona mittat ; perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Ye winds, that where you please, your sound may send,
In hymns of joy your pious breathings spend;
Oh! praise him without bound, and without end.
Who with majestic pomp, and terror join'd,
Rides charioting on clouds, and walks on wings
of wind.

Ye flames, exalt the universal choir;
On zeal, bright as yourselves, to God aspire;
God a consuming, and a harmless fire:
Whose falling fires Elijah's foes could tame,
Who shone in Moses' bush a lambent flame.

Ye winter's chillness, and ye summer's sun,
That round the year in stated periods run,
Praise him in your eternal antiphon.
Who when the fatal flood of old was past,
Promis'd the seasons with the world should last.

Venti sonantes flamine turbido,
(Nam fertur alis plus vice simplice
Ruisse vestris obvolutus
Omnipotens per inane vastum)
Vox audiatur vestra, per aëra
Vox audiatur: perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

O torridi ignes, dicite principem;
Flammæ, deorum dicite principem;
Circumdatus namque ipse flammis
Æthereos sedet inter ignes.
Ut nos canamus, vos facitis: simul
Canatis ipsi; perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Alterna brumæ tempora frigidæ,
Brumæ sequacis post spatium breve
Æstatis, et tu rursus æstas
Mox vicibus reditura certis;
Alterna semper carmina dicite,
(Alterna musæ carmina diligunt)
Deique nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

Ye honey dews of May, like vapours rise,
Exhal'd in praises to your native skies;
And hoary frost, which o'er the meadow lies
  Like ashes scatter'd by his bounteous hand,
  Restoring vigour to the wearied land.

Praise him, ye frosts that bind the earth in chains,
Praise him, ye cold, that human force restrains,
Dead'ning the sense, and thrilling in the veins.
  His praise for ever be by you extoll'd,
  Inflam'd with ardours by th' extreme of cold.

Praise him, you frost, long as the frozen sea
In midst of storms enjoys a calm by thee:
And spotless snow, the type of purity:
  In all your figur'd shapes his glory shew,
  Forget not heaven above, when fall'n on earth
    below.

O vos per auras quæ sine murmure,
Lapsu silenti, mollia vellera,
Descenditis ne lædat herbas
Aut segetem boreale frigus;
Laudate, non ultra tacitæ, nives
Laudate Regem; perpetuum Dei
Unaque nobiscum favorem
Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Cætera desunt,

Authoris morte interrupta.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Be this your business, ye laborious days,
And silent nights silver'd with glimmering rays;
Exempt from every work, but that of praise.
Whose piercing eye does equal power display
In darkest midnight, and in brightest day:

Praise him, O light, in heavenly beams array'd;
Parent of day, and first of beings, shade;
Praise him, who reign'd before the world was made;
Who dwells in brightness and who rides in night,
Majestic darkness, and alluring light.

Ye clouds with sulphur charg'd, his praise resound,
Louder than thunder in your caverns bound;
Lightnings, that quickly die, and dying wound,
Ere yet your momentary flash is done,
Praise him, whose lustre can be never gone.

Praise him, O earth, whilst thou thyself shalt last;
Thy solid orb in liquid ether plac'd,
Tho' hung on nothing, is for ever fast:
Praise him whose being is sustain'd by none;
Himself is centre of himself alone.

Ye mounts and hills, crown'd with a pompous load
Of groves, where idols plac'd their old abode,
Resound the praises of a real God.
Who shew'd his goodness, who proclaim'd his will
On Horeb's mountain, and on Sina's hill.

Praise him, ye greens, by fruitful nature born,
And rising crops that plenteous vales adorn
Where zephyrs rustle thro' the wavy corn;
Who clothes in greater state each springing green
Than that which drew from far the southern queen.

Ye wells and streams, your source of moisture know,
Who made, when urg'd of old his pow'r to shew,
Forth from th' obedient rock the waters flow.
Nor is the fountain of his praises dry,
But unexhausted stores for ever will supply.

Ye rivers, bear his praise to every land,
Praise him, ye seas, by whose supreme command
Your greatest rage is bounded by the sand.
No bounds or limits are assign'd you here,
Nor can your utmost forces go too far.

Praise him, ye whales, and all the silver train,
That, on the fifth day made, the watery main
Within its spacious bosom does contain:
His praise, ye fish, by you be alway sung,
Tho' mute, to bless your Maker, find a tongue.

Praise him, ye fowls, exalt his name, whate'er
Or skims the water, or divides the air,
Who clothes and feeds you with paternal care.
Repeat his praise to every echoing dale,
Ye morning lark, and evening nightingale.

Praise him, ye beasts that shady forests sway,
Who feeds the lions roaring for their prey,
Ye tamer kinds that human force obey,
Present your praise, more grateful to the skies
Than thousands of you slain in sacrifice.

Adore, ye sons of men, his awful name,
Tho' form'd of earth fill'd with ethereal flame,
Cast in the noblest, and the finest frame.
Let lordly man his sovereign's praise declare
And beauteous woman bless the truly fair.

Let faithful Abram's race their off'rings bring,
By tuneful David taught his praise to sing,
Their guide, their legislator, and their king:
Who spread o'er Egypt's land substantial night,
Who with a longer sun did Joshua's faith requite.

Ye priests of God, let praise like incense rise,
Tho' Corah's sons your order may despise,
And wish the priest himself a sacrifice.
Praise him for others *too*, and thus commend
Your greatest en'mies to your only friend.

Praise him, his servants who have learnt to see,
There's nought so sweet as this captivity,
From whence 'tis greatest bondage to be free.
Praise him, whose pow'r can grant whate'er you move,
Whose ears will hear your prayers, for he is love.

Ye righteous souls, untainted with your clay,
Spring thro' the vast expanse and wing your way,
To reach the confines of eternal day.
Celestial anthems sing with seraphs join'd,
And souls unbodied bless the almighty mind.

Ye humble men, whom self-admiring pride,
With all its baits could never draw aside,
Praise him, whose love does o'er the meek preside.
Who throws the purple tyrants from their seat,
And makes the poor of spirit rich and great.

Ye Jewish youths, his wond'rous praises tell,
Whose presence could the raging flames repel;
And turn to heaven the punishment of hell.
Who on submissive fire triumphant rode,
The man assuming, to declare the God.

All glory, praise, dominion, majesty,
Now and for everlasting ages, be
To the essential one, and co-eternal three!

HYMN THE FIRST.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd breast!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

HYMNUS PRIMUS.

I.

CUM misericordias recolligo, tua
Paterna quas, Jehova, cura contulit,
Suspensa cogitando, mens hæret mea,
Amorne major siet an admiratio.

II.

Quæ verba, quæ pietatis eloquentia
Ardore eodem gratias effabitur,
Quo pectus intus concipit! sed gaudium,
Quod fervet intus, tu legis, tu intelligis.

III.

Tua cura, præsens semper et semper vigil,
Me conditum uteri vidit in silentio,
Eademque cura me secuta est provida,
Cum matris ad mammam pependi infantulus.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

IV.

Quos edidit questus meæ imbecillitas
Infantiæ, tua auris accepit statim;
Cum mens tenella, cogitare nec potis;
Colligere nondum noverat sese in preces.

V.

Quæ nullus æquat computus, solamina
Tua administravit mihi indulgentia;
Infantulum cor antequam resciverat,
A fonte quo profluxerint tot munera.

VI.

Cum per juventæ lubricas decurrerem,
Incogitans, animique præceps, semitas,
Tua alma sospitavit occulte manus,
Ævumque me provexit ad maturius.

VII.

Per multa mortis abditæ discrimina
Aperta eunti et tuta porrecta est via,
Vitiique blandimenta per fallacia,
Periculum præ cæteris ferentia.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

VIII.

Cum morbi acutiore vi tabescerem,
Me sanitate recreâsti sæpius,
Et cum gravarer crimine et doloribus,
Tua revocavit in salutem gratia.

IX.

Tuæ, Jehova, largitati debeo,
Quod sat superque me beârit copia,
Eamque amicus copiam consortio
Dulci quod unus et quod alter auxerit.

X.

Pretiosa mille dona de die in diem,
Et mille millies reposcunt gratias,
Et inter illa dona cor lætabile,
Oblata quod pio accipit cum gaudio.

XI.

Vitæ per omne stadium, adultus et senex,
Benignitatem prædicando prosequar;
Amabilemque, hoc corpus exutus, thesin
Redintegrabo sæculorum in sæcula.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

XII.

Natura cum cesset, nec amplius dies
Noctesque per vices opera monstrent tua,
Memor usque cor, quæ gratiose feceris,
Fideliter revolvet et venerabitur.

XIII.

Millena millies per æva canticum
Movebo tibi, Jehova, gratitudinis;
Sed, O! nimis, nimis est brevis, nec laudibus
Vel tota sufficit tuis Æternitas.

HYMN THE SECOND.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care;
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweet'ned every soil,
Made every region please,
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

HYMNUS SECUNDUS.

I.

QUAM sunt beati, qui, Jehova, te colunt!
Quam certa tute es te verentibus salus!
Æterna mens eos regit, dux et comes,
Et major omnibus potestas adjuvat.

II.

In exteris regnis, locisque dissitis,
Vigilantiâ securus et salvus tuâ,
Cœli per ardentis peragrabam plagas,
Et insalubrem sanus hauriebam aëra.

III.

Tuus per omne vultus affulsit solum,
Solumque fecit omne mihi ut arriserit;
Calore temperavit Alpium nives,
Tuscique complanavit undas æquoris.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave;
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

IV.

Recogita mecum, anima mea, recogita,
Horrore quo perculsa, ponti videris
Imo ex sinu profunditates erutas,
Montesque fluctuum imminentes montibus!

V.

In ore quovis pallidus sedit stupor,
In corde quovis consilî impotens metus,
Cum devolutus gurges intra gurgitem
Victam gubernatoris artem luserit.

VI.

Sed salvum et illæsum inter hæc pericula
Paterna tua me reddidit clementia,
Dum se recepit anima numen ad tuum,
Confisa humillimæ precum violentiæ.

VII.

Prærupto aquarum in monte cum pependimus,
Cavasque valles ardui despeximus,
Servare novi te potentem maxime,
Nec supplices audire præsentem minus.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

VIII.

cella siluit, dicto obediens tuo
tus recessit, reddita est tranquillitas ;
:quor, imperante te, quod sæviit,
n illud, imperante te, desæviit.

IX.

nille versantem asperis laboribus
protinus juvabit et solabitur
ris recensio tot ante-munerum,
nilisque plurium et pia expectatio.

X.

, vita, vitam si meam dignaberis
are, tibi, Jehova, consecrabitur ;
ıors, futura siquidem est mors portio,
mam meam tibi soli adunatam dabit.

HYMN THE THIRD.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe!
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear!

HYMNUS TERTIUS.

I.

MORTIS resuscitatus a cubilibus,
Noxâ obvolutus totus et metu obrutus
Coram ubi creatori meo obvius dabor,
Quis O! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

II.

Siquis remissioni adhuc restat locus,
Nec sera, nimium sera, pœnitentia est;
Labascit horrore anima, et in sese fugit,
Et cogitando prægravata contremit.

III.

Cum te, Jehova, vestes terroribus,
Et, pro tribunali sedens, scrutaberis
Omiserit quæ quisque, quæ commiserit,
Quis O! videbor! quo pudore contegar!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure;
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,
To make that pardon sure.

IV.

Menti sed ægræ, criminum quam pœnitet,
Hujusce tu promissor es solatii,
Quod lacrymarum lenius piaculum
Pœnarum acerbiora deprecabitur.

V.

Si gratiæ nondum ostium præcluditur,
Perpende, numen, quo dolore distrahor;
Et, quæ dolori pondus addant, respice
Quæ passus est pro me redemptor vulnera.

VI.

Ille, ill espes est solus et fiducia,
Nec ulla desperabitur remissio,
Quam filius dedit tuus salutifer,
Et proprio obsignavit emptam sanguine.

AN

ODE

TAKEN FROM

THE BEGINNING OF PSALM XIX.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

ODE

EX INITIO

PSALMI XIX. DESUMPTA.

I.

EXPANSA cœlorum, profunda cærula,
Et arcuati qua patet spatium ætheris,
Convexa stellis plena, splendens fabrica,
Sui decoris indicant originem.
Lætus diurnum sol iter decurrere,
Quis ille fons declarat et lucis parens,
Et cuique terræ, qaum revisit, nunciat
Quam sancta se potensque formârit manus.

II.

Absente sole, cum statim vesper suas
Reducit umbras, luna carmen excipit,
Et singulis, ut eunt renarrat noctibus,
Sui quis ille magnus author luminis:
Quod et planetæ per vices, quod ignium
Pro se minorum totus affirmat chorus,
Et dum movetur quisque certis legibus,
Utrumque veritate pervadit polum.

III.

Solenniore quamlibet silentio
Circum hunc opacum orbem feruntur omnia,
Nec ulla clare vox ab extra, nec sonus
Tot lucidos auditur inter ordines;
Auditur intus, quam canoris vocibus,
Quibusque cœlum ferveat concentibus,
Ut hunc in hymnum concinat frequentia,
"Divinus est, qui nos creavit, artifex."

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What, though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

ON THE ASCENSION.

YE numerous hosts of angels bright,
Your winged multitudes prepare,
In all your grandeur to attend
The king of glory thro' the air.

O make your sweetest harmony,
As he triumphant takes his flight;
Towering on high above the sun,
Thro' realms immense of spacious light.

In choicest hymns, melodious throng,
Salute the conqueror, your king;
In joyful lays and loudest strains,
Ye blest, your God returning sing.

And now in majesty divine
He sits enrob'd by's Father's side;
But still vouchsafes to intercede
For sinful man, for whom he died.

Then, man, thy dear Redeemer bless,
With thankful heart, as they above;
With them begin a song of praise,
A song as endless as his love.

ON ALL SAINTS DAY.

HAIL ye, whose sacred multitudes
In numbers cannot be exprest;
Hail ye, that fill with winged crouds
The joyful regions of the blest;
To you our humble verse we bring;
'Tis you instruct us how to sing.

Ye blest attendants of your Lord,
While he vouchsaf'd on earth to preach,
By him as messengers the word
Throughout the world sent forth to teach;
'Twas you the happy tidings brought,
Yourselves performing what you taught.

Ye prophets, who with ardent zeal
And knowledge heavenly possest,
To future ages did reveal
The secrets of Jehovah's breast;
'Twas you, enlighten'd from above,
Foresaw and told that God was love.

You were the church's best defence,
Ye martyrs now enthron'd on high,
Bravely secure in innocence,
And boldly resolute to die;
Daring (so firmly ye withstood)
In spite of malice to be good.

Go on, ye hosts and armies bright,
Your voices, all ye saints, to raise;
Go on, ye glorious sons of light,
Your God and mighty King to praise:
While yearly we do here below
Acknowledge, what to you we owe.

IN FESTUM PENTECOSTES.

DISCIPULOS Deus implêrat cum numine voces
Cœperunt variàs et nova verba loqui.
Advena de Libycis aderat niger Afer arenis,
Et cautæ fidens Parthica turba fugæ:
Armeniæ populique, et divitis accola Nili,
Audierant voces Cappadocesque suas.
Vox diversa quidem sonat; at cum dicere laudes
Numinis incipiunt, omnibus una sonat.

IN IDEM.

UT Deus afflavit dexter læto omine, sensim
Discipulis fervent pectora plena Deo.
Numinis aspicio subitus fit mentibus ardor,
Et novus accendit fervida corda calor.
Solicitas mentes non ulla pericula terrent,
Non urgent ulli pectora mœsta metus.
Ad quamvis regionem alacres sunt ire parati,
Quosve habet ignotos barbara terra locos.
Pergite, successu gens O animosa, Deusque,
Quod bene suscipitis vos, bene vertat opus.

ON THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

AS Babel's lofty towers proudly rise,
With bold design aspiring to the skies;
The foolish builder's project God confounds,
With various languages and different sounds.

But when to build his Church th' Almighty came,
(Tho' differing the event, the means the same)
The gift of languages he did afford
To them, whom he ordain'd to preach his word:
As knowing that to man he thus had given
A surer, better way, to reach at heaven.

IN FESTUM SANCTI MICHAELIS.

DICITE cœlestem, cœlestis turba, triumphum;
Hostis, victores dicite, victus abit.
Vix iterum audebit vestrum sibi poscere cœlum,
Ad nova vix iterum ducere bella suos.
Væ terris! nam fraudem illic meditatur et iras,
Et tentat diros ultor, ut ante, dolos.
Sæcula sed vobis secura; ut semper agatis
Perpetuam pacem, perpetuosque choros.

IN FESTUM SANCTI SIMONIS.

O SALVE, populis semper memorande Britannis
Dive parens; nam felici tua cura labore
His lucem induxit terris, picasque removit
Erroris tenebras: tu Christum, æternaque cœli
Gaudia narrabas animis incognita nostris.
O longum maneat nobis tua fama per ævum!
Et cum reddiderit numen sua præmia justis,
Innumeras inter gentes, longamque nepotum
Progeniem, quos ipse, salutis nuncie, cœlo
Addideris, laudesque Deum, laudaris et ipse.

IN NONAS NOVEMBRIS.

BIS nostræ genti meditata inferre ruinam,
Immaturus erat bis tibi, Roma, dolus.
Successum tibi Papa quidem promisit; at ille
Et mendax vates, et malus augur erat.
Visa mihi nimium Papæ tu credere; Pastor,
Et falli, et poterit fallere, Roma, tuus.

IN FESTUM SANCTI ANDREÆ.

AFFIXUM dum, sancte, cruci, laceratáque membra
Distentum miseris urgent cruciatibus hostes;
Immemor interea pœnæ, ignoransque moveri,
Adstantem alloqueris populum; narrasque salutis
Authorem, et leges et sacra oracula pandis;
Quæ Christus majora, et quot discrimina passus
Ipse prius tulerat, divini testis amoris.
De Christi exemplo dicis te talia ferre,
Pro Christo subiisse vel his graviora paratum.
Mœrentes stant circum homines, imâque recondunt
Mente sonos, fidum genus, incentique quid optent:
Te dulces nolunt moriendo abrumpere voces;
Protrahere ingentes nolunt vivendo dolores.

IN FESTUM DIVI THOMÆ.

EN, Thoma, en inhians divino in corpore vulnus,
En, crucis et clavi livida signa, vide!

Credulus hinc Christum agnoscas, dum vulnera monstrat
Quæ digito explores, vulnera Christus habet.
Hinc tibi, dive, fidem, hinc aliis confirmat; et ipse
Quod dubites, alios non dubitare sinit.

IN CALENDAS JANUARII.

JANE pater, gemino cernis qui tempora vultu,
Qui finem annorum, principiumque vides;
Tempora prospicias nascentia, et omine læto
Distinguat faustos candidus ordo dies.
Ferratis cohibe foribus tristem intus erynnin,
Improba nec poscat civicus arma furor.
Incipiat, precor, auspiciis felicibus annus,
Et, quibus auspiciis incipit annus, eat.

IN EPIPHANIAM.

ITE domum reduces, et gaudia dicite vestra ;
Omine lætantes syderis ite, magi.
Vidistis totum implevit qui numine cœlum,
Inter mugitus hic recubare boum.
Vidistis blandum infantem, qui regna reliquit,
Ut multa in terris, heu ! mala multa ferat :
O humiles animos ! divini O pignus amoris !
Quod Deus hic noster, quis Deus alter aget ?

IN RESURRECTIONEM.

DIVINIS rediit clarus honoribus
En Christus domitis victor ab inferis !
Devictoque sepulchro
Messiah egreditur novus.
Deceptam rabiem, consilia et dolos
Judæum doleat vulgus inutiles ;
Quod possint nihil ultra
Iræque et furor impotens :

Si multis laceratus cruciatibus,
Si poteras, Christe, mori, diu
Non poteras mori.

HYMNUS PASCHALIS.

QUEM præferebas, horror ubi tuus,
O orce, nondum funeribus satur?
Victoriæ, quas jactitabas,
O ubi sunt, avidum sepulchrum?
Mors et sepulchrum. cedite; cedite,
Vinclis solutis; nam moritur modo,
Ut vincat, et victor resurgit
Ad superos Deus, ut triumphet.

IN REDITUM CAROLI SECUNDI,
MAII XXIX.

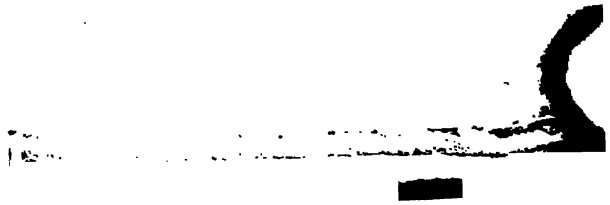
LUX alma et cresso semper signanda lapillo est,
Carole, quæ Regnis te, tibi Regna dedit;
Quæ non ut semper Patriæ vagus exul abesses
Passa, dedit manibus debita sceptra tuis.
Quâ scelus extinctum positis civilibus armis,
Quâ furor et dirus seditionis amor.
O date, Dii, sacratam habeant hanc usque nepotes;
Ut suus huic luci sit, date, semper honos.
Caroliden lux una dedit, lux reddidit una;
Dicite, num majus quid dedit una dies?

IN MILTONUM.

MAXIMUS antiquis venisti mœnibus hospes
Jam tandem, nitidoque graves in marmore vultus
Erigis, O decus, O tanti laus optima tecti!
Nec talis prisco Chaucerus conditur ingens
In tumulo pater, aut vario modulamine dulcis
Spenserus, non arte pares, non divitis haustu
Castaliæ tanto, liquidive aspergine fontis.
Ipse novâ virtute ingentes fortior ausus
Aggrederis, vates, valido que agis impete mirum
Certus iter, cursusque novos ultra avia longe
Limina musarum, veterisque cacumina Pindi:
Quantus per Graias olim mirabilis urbes
Ibat Mæonides, divûmque ferebat honorem:
Quantus in attonitis volitabat rupibus Orpheus:
Ille deûm sanctas stirpes et nomina vates
Æternumque canit decus, antiquosque labores,
Aut hominum genus, aut diæ primordia lucis;
Turbatasque domos superis, immissaque bella,
Immanes ausus! tum victis tartara triste
Effugium, horrentesque umbras. Stupet undique turba
Fulgura verborum et docti miracula cantûs.

Tale tuum carmen nobis. Quin pulchra recludis
Hortorum spatia, irriguisque ingentia campis
Flumina concelebras, primævi Regna parentis :
At dulcis conjux secla inter lucida florum
Mollibus invigilat curis, ubi dives opacat
Umbra toros, myrtusque viret, dubiique rubores
Nascuntur violis, et se crocus induit auro.
Post autem, rupto fatali fœdere, tristis
Exilii pœnas subeuntes rura peragrant
Sola simul trepido gressu, ambiguique viarum.
Limina dilectasque domos feralia flammis
Tela nitent circum et sævæ formidinis ora :
Tam facili polles citharæ moderamine, tanto
Numine verborum, variarumque ubere rerum
Ingenio : ergo animos quædam divina voluptas
Percipit, aut trepidos sensus perlabitur horror
Intimus, aut vero perculsi pectora luctu
Solvimur in lacrymas tecum, et miserescimus ultro.
Salve, sancta mihi sedes, tuque, unice vates,
Extructumque decus tumuli, et simulacra verendi
Ipsa senis, laurique comæ, et tu muneris author
Egregii.—Tanto signatum nomine marmor
Securum decus et seros sibi vindicet annos.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.



COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The winds, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I blest the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great:
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

CORYDON QUERENS.

DECEPTOS pastor secum meditatus amores
Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recensebat falsæ perjuria nymphæ,
Lassatum salices sustinuere caput.
Audierant zephyri vocem gemitusque dolentis,
Et mœstis venti congemuere sonis:
Audierat rivus; resonumque ad murmura murmur,
Et questum ad questus ingeminavit aqua.

Ah miserum Corydonem! et durum ante omnia fatum!
Tristibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis;
Adspexi vultum, lethoque (heu sidera iniqua!)
Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nusquam tutus eram; Daphnæ mihi dulcis imago
Ridentis, dulcis sermo loquentis erat;
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, quando
Tam suave, exclamo, tu, Philomela, canes!

How foolish was I to believe,
  She could doat on so lowly a clown?
Or, that her fond heart would not grieve,
  To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
  So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
  Or live in a cottage on love?

What tho' I have skill to complain!
  Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
  The virgins sit weeping around!
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly:
'Twas her's to be false and to change;
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

[uidem dixi, Miserebitur illa ; sed unde
ı nostræ fieret rusticitatis amans ?
ırbis splendorem ea sciret, opesque superbas
libus exiguæ posthabuisse casæ ?
ıam tamen ignarus ; rebarque quod esset
r divitias invenienda fides :
:rassæ possent vestes, victusque placere
ticus, atque humili sub lare castus amor.

ıihi, Apollineâ cingar quod tempora lauro,
[uerulæ nôrim tangere fila lyræ ?
ırodest, molles numeros siquando movebam,
;ineæ circum quod maduere genæ ?
hil est, Corydon, Phœbi cur munera jactes !
lyra jam decori, nec tibi laurus erit.
vus, est Daphnæ felicior ignis ; et illi
:ior est calamus, callidiorque manus.

men hinc, comitum pars O charissima, amici,
is mecum luctus sunt, sociusque dolor,
: vos, quicquid dederint mihi fata ferendum,
:ite vos Daphnen insimulare doli.
vagus orbe feror, comitatur euntem
mea sors, nullâ dissocianda fugâ :
is interea, Daphne mutabitur usque ;
ream quamvis, usque fidelis ero.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down in my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

uid adhuc poterunt mollescere corda, nec omnis
Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor ;
restes inter decoret mea funera nymphas,
Membraque supremo det tumulanda rogo.
ɔc mihi concedat saltem, non multa roganti,
Nudaque cupressi frondibus ossa tegat ;
lliquias urnâ positas ubi viderit, Urna,
Relliquias fidi, dicat, amantis habes.

ım gemmis multoque nitens lasciviat auro,
Igne novo felix, deliciisque novis ;
rpetuum, nitidas inter nitidissima nymphas,
Saltibus absumat lætitiâque diem.
ɔngum abes interea, Corydon, longumque licebit
Absis ; te tacitum nox tenebræque premunt :
i tua fors, terræ immineat cum pallida luna,
Lurida vicinum transvolet umbra nemus.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held the sable shrowd.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

THYRSIS ET CHLOE.

I.

MNIA nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies ;
ım valvæ patuere, et gressu illapsa silenti,
Thyrsidis ad lectum stabat imago Chloes.

II.

ultus erat, qualis lacrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies ;
uâque sepulchralem a pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.

III.

ımque dies aberunt molles, et læta juventus,
Gloria pallebit, sic, Cyparissi, tua :
ım mors decutiet capiti diademata, regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conspiciendus honos.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

IV.

iit (dum forma fuit) nascentis ad instar
, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
'es risere, et subrubuere labella,
)et ut teneris purpura prima rosis.

V.

exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
iles risus, et juvenile decus:
)aulatim languens, nudata reliquit
; præripuit mors properata Chloen.

VI.

e somnis; nocturno egressa sepulchro,
t infidum Thyrsida fida Chloe:
O! nunc tandem miserere, audique puellam
us invidit vivere durus amor.

VII.

bræ querulos manes, hæc elicit hora,
nulis reserent humida claustra suis;
ue discurrunt, perjuri terror amantis:
)pidum infestent exagitentque reum.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

X.

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

XI.

How could you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

VIII.

tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,
voca læsos in tua vota deos :
amque fidem, juratasque verba remitte ;
ea redde mihi vota, resume tua.

IX.

defixus toties hærere solebas,
faciem poteras destituisse meam ?
erum, et rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
mque indignis discruciare modis ;

X.

o quianam, nimis ah ! promissor, amore,
citi poteras immemor esse tui ?
s quianam, nimis ah ! laudator, ocellis
igui multo passus es imbre faces ?

XI.

cur poteras, labium tibi suave rubescit ;
cit, ut cedat purpura pallidior ?
cur poteras ? et ego, rudis, inscia virgo,
blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum ?

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair;
That lip no longer red;
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
'Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That died for love of you.

XV.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glittering head:
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then raving left his bed.

XII.

ibi, heu! floret facies, quæ floruit: ecce!
rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent;
signatos tenebris mihi clausit ocellos;
ı desertæ nec super una genæ est.

XIII.

ıs mihi vermis edax, depascitur artus
.tos; nec adhuc est satiata fames:
ɔ et longæ restant mihi tædia noctis,
ioctem excipiat longa, suprema, dies.

XIV.

ı, audîstin'? monuit me gallus abire;
, vale; longùm, perfide Thyrsi, vale,
en, tumulo quam sit defossa profundo,
ıiserum urgebat funus amore tuî.

XV.

cres cecinere, et festinavit ab ortu,
reo risu, sol aperire diem;
›bstupuit Thyrsis, tremulusque cubili
emor! ah pallor conscius!) exiliit.

XVI.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.

XVI.

n ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
jacuit gelidâ morte soluta Chloe ;
que in viridi, qui subtus flebile texit
ɔus, se mœstum projiciebat onus.

XVII.

: Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
ibulam lacrymis ter madefecit humum :
ue telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
vocem lacrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

LECTORI S.

HABES in manu, Erudite Lector, cantiunculam, nec amatorum suspiriis, nec compotorum refertam vociferationibus; sed gravitate et leporibus tam ex æquo temperatam, tam procul a senili remotam morositate, et ab ineptiis puerilibus tam abborrentem et alienam, ut juvenes exinde quod præcipiat; et, quod delectet, excerpant seniores.

Materies hujusce Poëmatis ea humanæ felicitatis complectitur argumenta, ad quæ nostra omnium, ætate saltem provectiorum, contendunt vota. Nihil magnificum, nihil sumptuosum, nihil homine prudente et bono indignum, præoptatur. Supervacua, et ad veræ jucunditatem vitæ non facientia, repudiantur multa. Ea scilicet declinat noster et aversatur author,

quæ vel luxuries vitiose, vel lascive ignavia solet excogitare ; satis beatus, si gaudiis, quæ sperando conceperit, nihil intervenerit curarum aut ægritudinis.

Sperantibus, quoad licita et innocua, omnia sunt libera. Et quoniam pleræque in futuro sunt voluptates, optando facimus præsentiores, et conspectui propius admovemus. Contemplatio est quoddam fruendi genus ; et expectatio deliciarum, absentiæ quodammodo est solatium. Itaque æquissimo jure licebit voto indulgere nec infaceto nec illiberali, quod venientia senectutis incommoda, si non tota repellere et remorari, diminuere certe potest et delinire.

Din Anglicis Lectoribus placuit, diuque, ut auguramur, placebit celebratum hoc opusculum : et speravimus authori nostro non injurium fore, si Latine etiam legendum exhiberemus. Id certe optavimus, ut iterum exteris, apud quos peregrinatus est, quantum per nos posset, vetus innotesceret hospes ; et famâ, quâ semel floruit, de novo aliquantulum revivisceret. De nobis nihil ausi polliceri, tuæ, lector, benevolen-

tiæ acceptum referemus, si Romanis auribus non prodeat omnino indignus ; si Italis, quisbuscum ei docta intercessit consuetudo, non multo ingratior, in hac etiam versione, quam suis est in linguâ vernaculâ popularibus.

Ex promisso, annotationes ipsius authoris subjecimus pauculas ; cæteris eo consilio omissis, ne nimii videremur, in re non prorsus necessariâ. Hoc unicum exorandus restas, amice lector, ut si quid in transferendo hoc carmine interpres vel lubens (quod rarius fit) addiderit aut variaverit, vel genio linguarum aut idiomatum coactus diversitate prætermiserit, et excusandi et condonandi detur locus ; qui citius forsan dabitur, si te præfando non ultra detineamus. Vive et bene vale.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

TO

THE WISH.

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de paterâ novum
Fundens liquorem? HOR. Ode xxxi. lib. i.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus,
Quid sentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?
ID. Ep. xviii. lib. i.

That is,

When poets offering at Apollo's shrine,
Out of the sacred goblets pour new wine;
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I'm at Epsom, or on Banstead Down,
Free from the wine, and smoke, and noise o'th' town,
When I those waters drink, and breathe that air;
What are my thoughts? what's my continual prayer?

THE WISH.

I.

IF I live to be old, for I find I go * down,
Let this be my fate, in a country † town,
May I have a warm house, with a ‡ stone at the gate,
And a § cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my ‖ passion with an absolute sway,
And grow ¶ wiser and better, as my strength wears away;
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

* "Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
"Rugis, et instanti senectæ
"Afferet, indomitæque morti." HOR.
"Ocyor cervis, et agente ventos,
"Ocyor Euro." IDEM.
"Ocyor et cœli flammis, et Tigride fœtâ." LUCAN.

† "O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,

VOTUM.

I.

SI senii descendam, et cœpi vergere, ad annos
Rure mihi exigui sint, tepidique lares;
Præ foribus sit scamnum, et sit non sordida virgo
Quæ molli foveat tempora calva manu.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
Ut carptim attenuor, rex dominusque mei:
Nec podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciatibus urar;
Sed sensim extińctus devehar ad tumulum.

" Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
" Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?" HOR.

‡ By the help whereof I may mount my easy pad-nag, mentioned in the third stanza; in the west of England, they call it an Upping-Stock.

§ " Quæ non offendat sordibus." HOR.

‖ " ———Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
" Imperat; hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catenâ." IDEM.

¶ " Lenior et melior fiam, accedente senectâ." IDEM.

II.

May my * little house stand on the † side of a hill,
With an easy descent to a mead and a ‡ mill,
That when I've a mind I may hear my boy read,
In the mill if it rains; if it's dry, in the mead.
May I govern &c.

III.

Near a shady § grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at ‖ distance, whereon I may look,

* "Parva, sed apta, domus."

† Neither on the top nor the bottom: the best situation for a house or a city, affording both conveniency of cellars, and a descent to take off the waters.

‡ It will be thought the old man has made a very ill choice of a mill to hear his boy read in; but they who make this objection, either know not, or at least do not consider, that noise helps deafness, which is incident to old age. That this is a truth, both experience and reason evidence.

I have known several who could hear little or nothing in their chambers; but when they were in a coach rattling upon the stones, heard very well. I also knew a lady in Essex, whose name was Tyrrel, who, while she had occasion to discourse, used to beat a great drum, without which she could not hear at all; the reason whereof is this, the most frequent cause of deafness is the relaxation of the tympanum or drum

II.

Ad declive jugum, placidoque quod imminet amni,
Qua mola, qua pratum est, stet mea parva domus:
Ut sit, ubi assideam lectori auditor alumno,
Si sudus, vel si Jupiter udus erit.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

III.

Qua nemus umbrosum, et salientis murmura rivi,
Esto in conspectu, sed procul esto, mare:

of the ear, which, by this violent and continual agitation of the air, is extended, and made more tight and springy, and better reflects sounds, like a drum new-braced.

§ "Et paulum sylvæ super his foret." HOR.
"Et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons." IDEM.
"Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
"Frigidior Thracam, neque purior ambiat Hebrus." IDEM.
"Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ;———
"Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
"Somnos quod invitet leves." IDEM.
"—Per pronum trepidans cum murmure rivum." IDEM.
"Levis crepante lymphâ desilit pede." IDEM.
"Unde loquaces
"Lymphæ desiliunt." IDEM.

‖ "Neptunum procul a terris spectare furentem." IDEM.
——— Jactantibus æquora ventis,

With * Monte, Fiascone, or † Burgundy wine,
To drink the † king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern &c.

VI.

May my wine be vermilion, may my malt drink be pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too stale:
In lieu of deserts, unwholesome and dear,
Let ‡ Lodi or Parmesan bring up the rear.
May I govern &c.

custom, to let no Sunday pass without a pudding. From this and many passages before, it is evident that he is a very superstitious fellow.

* A town in Tuscany celebrated for good wine, and the epitaph of a Dutch man buried there; all the books which treat of travelling through Italy relate this story at large. But since it may be new to some who shall read this, I will set it down in few words: A Dutch traveller with his servant lighted at the inn which lies out of the town, and thence sent his servant into it to find out the best wine, ordering him to write Est upon the door of the house wherein he found good wine; where he found better, Est, Est; where the best, Est, Est, Est; the servant obeyed his commands punctually. The master follows, and finds the Tavern bearing this last inscription; and drank so much, that it cast him into a fever whereof he died. His servant buried him in the church, engraving upon his tombstone this epitaph, which is still to be seen there;

Est, Est, Est.
Propter nimium Est.
Jo. de Fuc. D. meus mortuus est.

Nec vini, Burgunde, tui mihi Anecdota desint,
Quæ regi, quoties prandeo, sacra bibam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VI.

Purpura sit Baccho, Cereri sit pallor; et ævo
Maturus justo detur utrique sapor.
Divite pro victu, luxuque salubrior omni,
Caseus esto tuus, Parma, corona dapum.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

‖ Beauln, a town in the dukedom of Burgundy, famous for a magnificent hospital, and the excellency of its wines, which are incomparably the best in France, if not in the world.

"Experto crede Roberto."

I do not speak this by hear-say.

¶ "Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
"Te mensis adhibet Deum.
"Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
"Diffuso pateris, et laribus tuum
"Miscet nomen, uti Græcia Castoris,
"Et magni memor Herculis.
"Longas, O utinam, dux bone, ferias
"Præstes hesperiæ, dicimus integro
"Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
"Cum sol oceano subest." Hor.

* Laus Pompeii, a wonderful fertile town in the dutchy of Milan, whose cheese is of greater fame than Parmesan.

VI.

Nor * Tory, or Whig, Observator or Trimmer
May I be, nor against the law's torrent a swimmer:
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and hear read,
And with matters of state never trouble my head.
May I govern &c.

VIII.

Let the gods, who dispose of every king's crown,
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down;
I'll pay the whole shilling impos'd on my head,
Tho' I go without † Claret that night to my bed.
May I govern &c.

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling though ‡ that tax should appear
As oft as new moons, or weeks in a year.
For why should I let a seditious word fall,
§ Since my lands in ‖ Utopia pay nothing at all?
May I govern &c.

* Those odious names of distinction kindled great animosity and strangeness, and even hatred, betwixt relations and friends.

† If that should happen, it would be a shrewd affliction to the poet.

VII.

Liber et immunis, nullis a partibus adstem,
Nec legum adversus vim fluviumque natem;
Quid loquar, aut scribam, cautusque et providus au-
Ire sinam regni res, velut ire volunt. [thor,
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VIII.

Di, quos imperium penes est, rerumque potestas,
Regna, quibus visum est, dent, adimantque data.
Impositum capiti solvam non invidus assem,
Una licet tubulo nox cyathoque caret.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

IX.

Solvam ego, nec querulus contra mussabo, tributa
Si poscant menses hebdomadesque nova;
Cur etenim obmussans duram vocitavero legem,
Cum fundi solvant nil mei in Utopiâ?
Æquo animum imperio &c.

† A poll-bill.

§ A good encouragement to pay for his head.

‖ A place in Jupiter, or the moon, or some other of the planets; for it is not to be found in the map of the world.

X.

Tho' I care not for riches, may I not be so poor,
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door;
* May they court my converse, may they take much delight
My old stories to hear in a winter's long night.
May I govern &c.

XI.

My small stock of wit may I not misapply,
To flatter ill men, be they never so high;
Nor mispend the few moments I steal from the grave,
In fawning and cringing like a dog or a slave.
May I govern &c.

XII.

May none whom I love, to so great † riches rise,
As to slight their acquaintance, and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be,
As to move either pity or envy in me.
May I govern &c.

* "——Pauperemque dives
"Me petit." Hor.

X.

Non peto divitias ; nec sim tam sordide egenus,
Nauseet ut dives tecta subire mea :
Quin mecum historiis ad largum circulus ignem
Decipere hybernæ tædia noctis amet.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XI.

Regum ut laudator fiam, vitiisque minister,
Ingenium nolim prostituisse meum ;
Nec, canis ut caudam submittam et blandiar instar,
Perbreve, quod morti subtraho, tempus agam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XII.

Ad tantas nec surgat opes, quem diligo, quisquam,
Nesciat ut notos, prætereatque videns ;
Tam supra sit nemo situs, tam nemo sit infra,
Ut mihi vel livor, vel siet inde dolor.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

" ———— Aniles
" Ex re fabellas." IDEM.

† The Spanish proverb says,
" Let not God make our friends so rich, as to forget us."

XIII.

A friendship I wish for, but alas! 'tis in vain,
Jove's store-house is empty, and can't it supply,
So firm, that no change of times, envy, or gain,
Or flattery, or woman, should have power to untie.
May I govern &c.

XIV.

But if friends prove unfaithful, and fortune a * whore,
Still may I be virtuous, though I am poor;
My life then as useless, may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish true wit and good wine.
May I govern &c.

XV.

To outlive my † senses may it not be my fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;

* " Fortuna, sævo læta negotio,
" Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
" Transmutat incertos honores,
" Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna.
" Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
" Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
" Virtute me involvo———
" ——Hinc apicem rapax
" Fortuna cum stridore acuto

XIII.

Detur et oh! (si posco quod æquum est poscere) fidæ
Nec tamen ingentis, cultus amicitæ;
Cultus amicitiæ, quam tempora nullo valebunt,
Quam nullæ rerum dissoluïsse vices.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIV.

Sin comites infidi, et sit fortuna proterva,
Salva mihi virtus esto, licebit inops:
Tum demum videatur iners et inutilis ætas,
Cum mihi nec vinum, nec sapit ingenium.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XV.

Nec misere morbosum adeo delira senectus
Conterat, ut faciat me superesse mihi;

"Sustinet, hic posuisse gaudet." Hor.

† May I not lose my sight, my hearing, and my memory; and be a burden to my friends, and myself, "telluris inutile "pondus," a dead unuseful burden to the ground.

"———Ultime semper
"Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
"Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet." Ovid.

But rather let death come before 'tis so late,
And while there's some sap * in it, may my † tree fall.
May I govern &c.

XVI.

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For priests or physicians, till I'm so near mine end,
‡ That I have eat all my bread, and drank my last glass;
§ Let them come then, and set their seals to my pass.
May I govern &c.

XVII.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and not left behind him his fellow.
May I govern &c.

* If you tell an Italian, such a one is a rich, or happy man; he'll reply, "Dammi lo morto," as much as to say, let me see him dead, and then it will be evident whether he is or not; before that, no true judgment is to be made.

† Some corporeal and intellectual vigour.

‡ The poet alludes to a tradition among the Turks, who be-

Morte minus serâ potius mea concidat arbor,
Dùm ramis aliquis succus et humor inest.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVI.

Nec prius accersam medicum, nec pharmacopolam;
Quam prope jam summum clauserit hora diem.
Totum ubi desumpsi panem, cyathumque supremum,
Tum mihi subsignent, ilicet, ire licet.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVII.

Forti atque impavido suprema ubi venerit hora,
Hoc mihi qui dicat, sit, repetatque Vale:
Mortuus es, cui nullum aut mane aut vespere, nullum
Aut siccum aut madidum, Pope, videbo parem.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

lieve, that when any one is born into the world, there is such a quantity of meat and drink set before him, which when he has consumed, he must die. The moral whereof is, he that desires to live long, must be sparing in his meat and drink.

§ That I may die regularly, observing all the ceremonies, formalities, and punctualities: "A la coûtume," which is, according to our barbarous translation, "To a cow's thumb."

XVIII.

Without any * noise when I've pass'd o'er the stage,
And decently acted what part † fortune gave,
And put off my ‡ vest in a § cheerful old age,
May a few honest fellows see me laid in my grave.
May I govern &c.

XIX.

I care not, whether under a turf or a stone,
With any inscription upon it, or none:
If a thousand years hence, ‖ Here lies W. P.
Shall be read on my tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern &c.

XX.

Yet one wish I add, for the sake of those ¶ few
Who in reading these lines any pleasure shall take ⁋

* "Secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ." Hor.
"Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit." Idem.

† "—Quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi." Virg.

‡ My garments of flesh, wherein I acted my part on the stage of the world; when the farce is done, and the curtain drawn.

XVIII.

Quam fortuna dedit, fabellâ ubi rite peractâ
Exierim scenâ clam, strepituque procul,
Et placidam exuerim, carnis cum veste, senectam,
Pulvere me comitum condat amica manus.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIX.

Me nil solicitat, saxone an cespite signer,
Nominet an tumulus me, sileatne meus.
Mille ubi transierint anni, quæ tant asequetur
Gloria, si forsan litera bina legar?
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XX.

Si tamen hos versus, siquem legisse juvabit,
Hoc addo optatis, et superaddo nihil:

§ "————Precor integrâ
"Cum mente nec turpem senectam
"Degere, nec citharâ carentem." Hor.

‖ The poet presumes he shall have a very short and modest epitaph, if any; only the two first letters of his name.

¶ "———Non, ut me miretur turba, laboro,
"Contentus paucis lectoribus."———

May I leave a good * fame, and a sweet-smelling name.
Amen. Here an end of my Wishes I make.

CHORUS.

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away;
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

* "Quæ post fata venit gloria, sera venit." MART.
Though fame will not concern me, after I am dead, yet I wish for it, because it will be a pleasure to my surviving friends.

lci s honor virtutum, et odoræ gratia famæ,
/otique et vitæ terminus esto meæ.

CHORUS.

uo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
Jt carptim attenuor, rex dominusque meî.
: podagræ, nec lithiasis cruciatibus urar,
ed sensim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

" Si quos surperesse volunt Dii." Hor.
do not (which has happened to many old men) outlive all friends.

SWEET WILLIAM'S

FAREWELL TO BLACK-EY'D SUSA

I.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among the crew?

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hanc
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

GULIELMUS

SUSANNÆ VALEDICENS.

I.

IN statione fuit classis, fusisque per auras
Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
Cum navem ascendit Susanna; O dicite, nautæ,
Nostræ ubi deliciæ sunt? ubi noster amor?
Dicite vos, animi fortes, sed dicite verum,
Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?

II.

Pendulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infra
Præmisit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi:
Vixque manu tangens funes, et præpete labens
Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

III.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

III.

alto in cœlo tremulis se librat ut alis,
Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,
volat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
sia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
Navarcha optârit maximus esse sua.

IV.

ave meum, et vitâ Susanna O charior ipsa,
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
adentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illam:
Gratior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit.
o velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
Cor meum, ut ad boream nautica vergit acus.

V.

rrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
Tentabunt dubio solicitare metu:
quovis portu, sed noli O! credere, dicent,
Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
tin O! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

VI.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object, that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

VII.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily-hand.

VI.

lus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis Afer,
ıihi visendus dives odoris Arabs :
mi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
ostentet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
nque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo,
rret quiddam, quod memorabo, tuî.

VII.

ɔa lux, doleas ; patriæ si causa requirat,
rocul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo ;
, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
aliquot menses restituendus ero.
ɛs istos contristet fletus ocellos,
avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.

VIII.

naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
tumescentes explicuere sinus :
ɪrque, vale ; et lacrymis simul oscula miscens,
lit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
: tarde ad terram Susanna recedit,
reâ repetit, vive, valeque, manu.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, where the feathered folks sing.

TUEDA.

QUAS aperit veneres! quam Flora arridet amœnum,
Ad placidam Tuedæ lene fluentis aquam!
His tamen, his cunctis, formosior una Maria,
Naturæ pariter vincit et artis opes.
Non rosa, non violæ, non picto margine bellis,
Totaque luxuries, quâ variatur humus;
Non, quæ subrepens blando interlabitur agros
Flumine, tam suavi Tueda decore nitet.

Sylva choris avium resonat vocalis; et omne
Virgultum harmoniâ fervet, et omne nemus.
Miscent et merulæ numeros, gemitusque palumbes;
Desuper aërios addit alauda modos.
Vernantem in campum descende, novique
Videris, ut surgat primula, veris honos.
Dum populus circum cantat pennatus, amori
Quam mecum ad Tuedam lenta vacare potes!

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss;
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me, at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Quo minuit studio, quo longas decipit horas ?
Nonne aliquot teneras lux mea servat oves ?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abstrahit error,
Dum furtim somnus lumina claudit heræ ?
Murmure jucundo mollem suadere soporem
Si possit votis Tueda secunda meis ;
Ambrosiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægrum,
Lætusque et tacitus, surripuisse velim.

Vulgares inter flammas meus emicat ignis,
Ut nusquam formâ nympha sit ulla pari :
Pluribus a pulchris, a mille et mille venustis,
Distinguunt vitam gratia multa meam.
Suaviolum, quin fare, meum ; quæ pascua malunt,
Aut ubi, sub medio sole, vagantur oves ?
Ad Tavæ errantes quæram sinuosa fluenta ?
Quæramve ad Tuedæ candidioris aquam ?

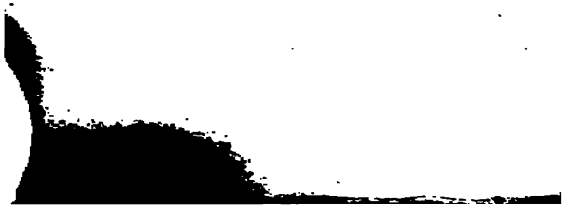
LUCY AND COLIN.

I.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

II.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near it's end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.



LUCIA ET CORYDON.

I.

UAS, venerum fœcunda parens, Lagenia novit,
Lucia formarum gloria, flosque fuit:
a nec aspectu tam læta et pulchra Modoni
Flumine de liquido pura reflexit aqua.
dolor, et curæ, lætabile quicquid edentes,
Egregium sensim diminuêre decus;
deceptus amor carptim privavit ocellos
Gemmis, curaliis labra, rosisque genas.

II.

distin' (quin sæpe vides!) ut languida marcent
Lilia, quæ prægravat imber aquæ?
ato sic periit tabo, sic palluit illa,
Ad finem extremo jam properante die.
ic monitæ exemplo, blandos fallacis amantis,
Credula vos nymphæ corda, timete dolos:
icite, vos juvenes, læsam quam certa deorum
Vindicta insequitur, quam gravis ira, fidem.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

IV.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

V.

Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

III

Tinnitu sonuit terno campanula, cuncta
Nocte intempestâ cum siluere loca;
Terque alâ increpitans cornix, rostroque fenestram
Pulsans, lethales edidit ore sonos.
Accepit, novitque omen, bene conscia virgo
Fati, feralis quod recinebat avis;
Et moriens nymphis circum lacrymantibus infit,
Sic super exequiis illacrymata suis.

IV.

Vocem ego, quam vobis non est audire, jubentem
Audio, maturem præcipitemque fugam.
Dextram ego, quam vobis non est spectare, vetantem
Specto, ne fingam quid mediterve moræ.
In primæ morior succisa heu! flore juventæ,
Pectoris infidi capta puella dolo.
Idne æquum et fas est vitio mihi vertere, sponsæ
Quod minor est longe dos mea dote novæ?

V.

Vota mihi, juvenis, soli mihi credita, nullâ
Oh! alienari conditione sinas.
At neque tu, virgo, blande nunc oscula dantem,
Quod tuus est hodie, dixeris esse tuum.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

VI.

There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.
She spoke, she died;—her corse was born,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

Jungere cras dextræ dextram properatis uterque,
Et tarde interea creditis ire diem.
Credula quin virgo, juvenis quin perfide, uterque
Scite, quod et pacti Lucia testis erit.

VI.

Exangue, oh! illuc, comites, deferte cadaver,
Qua semel oh! iterum congrediamur, ait;
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Ipsa sepulchrali vincta pedesque stolâ.
Dixit, et occubuit—delatum exangue cadaver,
Qua semel in longum congrederentur, erat:
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Illa sepulchralî vincta pedesque stolâ

VII.

Quo thalamos ritu credas celebrarier istos!
Ut Corydon animi discruciatus erat!
Lucia ubi exanimis jacuit, coïere juventus,
Et tota in fletus villa soluta fuit.
Extemplo juvenem pudor, ira, insania, luctus
Distrahit, et furiis exagitatus amor;
Pallidaque humectans gelidis sudoribus ora,
Perfidiæ ingemuit conscius, et cecidit.

VIII.

From the vain bride, (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new made grave,
Convey'd with trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

VIII.

Conjugis a vultu, nec jam ultra conjugis, omnis
Purpura continuo fugit, et omnis honos:
Rivalem et sponsum, extensum cum corpore corpus,
Funera cum vidit procubuisse duo.
Virginis ad tumulum desertæ ille, ossibus ossa
Mixturus, juvenum lugubre fertur onus;
Idem nunc restat sub eodem cespite pulvis,
Unaque cum nymphâ contumulatur humus.

IX.

Sæpius hunc visunt, qui numina justa verentur;
Cum fidâ pariter virgine fidus amans.
Textilibus sertis, vittisque in mutua nexis,
Sæpius hunc signant condecorantque locum.
Sed quicunque fidem dederis, nec fœdere certo
Servatam, a sacro cespite siste gradum.
Quod subiit Corydon fatum, memor esto; nec illic
Te tristi occursu terreat umbra, cave.

ADVICE TO CHLOE.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure,
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love, that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun-shine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

CHLOE MONITA.

I.

DUM fastu me, chara Chloe, fas præter et æquum,
Subruis, et reficis spe, cruciasque metu,
Deperdis, lætæ quod amœnum est omne juventæ;
Inque senectutem triste reponis onus.
Forma brevis, dicis, flos est ætatis, amorque
Rebus, quæ pereunt, ortus, et ipse perit;
Hoc tibi persuades: sed re modo dicta probâris,
Quam male persuades, experiendo scies.

II.

Ut sit perpetuus, formâ qui nascitur, ut sit
Mutuus, officiis crescere debet amor.
Sunt blandi risus primordia lucis; amore,
Tum modo, cum fruimur, fulget aperta dies.
Si tibi nox tenebris illos obvelet ocellos,
Qui tam jucundum nunc rutilumque nitent;
Si totum eripiat cœlum caligine, quanta,
Dicemus memores, lux aliquando fuit!

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

V.

These traces for ever will last;
No sickness or time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love;

III.

Darbæum en vetulum vetulâ cum conjuge! vitam
Quam placide infirmum par, et amanter agunt!
Blæsa illa est oculis, et crura hydropicus ille
Vix trahit; at letho majus abesse malum est.
Gressibus invalidis conjux cum conjuge reptat;
Aut simul apricans considet ante fores;
Cumque ille extremum cyathi desumpserit haustum,
Deponit, certâ lege, Joanna tubum.

IV.

Cum nulla utrivis, quicquid delinquit utervis,
Corporis excusent ingeniive bona;
Quas esse aut illi veneres aut conjicis illi?
Unde fit, alterius tam sit ut alter amans?
Dulce recordari est actos feliciter annos,
Quam sensim ad canam consenuêre fidem;
Inde sacrum fœdus, firmoque est copula nexu;
Quâ melius terris Dii tribuêre nihil.

V.

Longum illa, in longum, quæ nulla abolcverit ætas,
Nullaque morborum vis, monumenta manent:
Namque decor simul omnis abest et gratia formæ;
Fitque, quod ætatis restat, amoris hyems;

A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

THE FLY.

I.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

II.

Both alike, both thine and mine,
Hasten quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

Crescit amicitiæ suavis reputantibus usus,
Quam vel adhuc grati præterière dies.
Quæque retardari possunt per nulla senectæ
Frigora, perpetuo gaudia fonte fluunt.

MUSCA.

I.

POTARE, musca, de meo aut quovis scypho
Vocata, non vocata, præsens advena,
Lubens libensque curiosam exple sitim,
Siccare totum si valebis poculum:
Ævi fugacis punctulum carpe, arripe;
Ævi, quod interire pergit indies.

II.

Utriusque vita properat, et tua et mea,
Ad exitum cursu incitato vergere;
Æstas tuæ, nec amplius spatium est meæ,
Ad bis tricenas usque si redit vices:
Cum præteribit bis tricena, sicuti
Unius ætatis videbitur fuga.

THE INVITATION

TO

A ROBIN REDBREAST.

I.

DOMESTIC bird, whom wintry blasts
To seek for humane aid compel,
To me for warmth and shelter flie,
Welcome beneath my roof to dwell:
Supplies, thy hunger to relieve,
I'll daily at my window lay,
Assur'd, that daily those supplies
With grateful song thou wilt repay.

II.

Soon as the new-returning spring
Shall call thee forth to woods and groves,
Freely revisit then the scene,
Which notes as sweet as thine approves:

AD

RUBECULAM

INVITATIO.

I.

HOSPES avis, conviva domo gratissima cuivis,
Quam bruma humanam quærere cogit opem,
Huc O! hyberni fugias ut frigora cœli,
Confuge, et incolumis sub lare vive meo:
Unde tuam esuriem releves, alimenta fenestræ
Apponam, quoties itque reditque dies;
Usu etenim edidici, quod grato alimenta rependes
Cantu, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

II.

Vere novo, tepidæ spirant cum molliter auræ,
Et suus in quavis arbore vernat honos,
Pro libitu ad lucos redeas, sylvasque revisas,
Læta quibus resonat musica parque tuæ:

But if another winter's blast
Should bring me back my guest again,
Again with music come prepar'd
Thy friendly host to entertain.

III.

The sacred power of harmony
In this its best effect appears,
That friendship in the strictest bands
It both engages and endears.
In music's ravishing delights
You feather'd race with men agree;
Of all the animated world
The only harmonists are we.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WITH head reclin'd, the snow-drop see!
The first of Flora's progeny,
In virgin modesty appear,
To hail and welcome in the year!

Sin iterum, sin forte iterum, inclementia brumæ
Ad mea dilectam tecta reducat avem,
Esto, redux, grato memor esto rependere cantu
Pabula, quæ dederit cunque benigna manus.

III.

Vis hinc harmoniæ, numerorum hinc sacra potestas
Conspicitur, nusquam conspicienda magis,
Vincula quod stabilis firmissima nectit amoris,
Vincula vix longâ dissocianda die.
Captat et incantat blando oblectamine musa
Humanum pariter pennigerumque genus;
Nos homines et aves, quotcunque animalia vivunt,
Nos soli, harmoniæ gens studiosa sumus.

FLORÆ PRIMITIÆ.

VIRGINEUM casto caput en! recline pudore
Flosculus ostentat, de nive nomen habens!
Ecce! recens natum primus resalutet ut annum,
Exerit e gelidâ se properanter humo!

Fearless of winter, it defies
The rigour of inclement skies,
And early hastens forth to bring
The tidings of approaching spring.

Though simple in its dress and plain,
It ushers in a beauteous train;
And claims, how gaudy e'er they be,
The merit of precedency.

All that the gay or sweet compose,
The pink, the violet and the rose,
In fair succession as they blow,
Their glories to the snow-drop owe.

LOVE DISARMED.

BY MR. PRIOR.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade,
As Chloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desir'd to rest:

Nec rigidi conterret eum inclementia cœli,
Frigida nec Boreæ vis, hyemisque minæ ;
Axe statim verso, quin protinus exit in auras,
Veris ut instantis nuncia læta ferat.

Nativo quamvis cultu candoreque simplex,
Pulchrum illâ inducit simplicitate chorum,
Nec totidem veneres inter, quotcunque sequuntur,
Se primum dubitat promeruisse locum.

Quicquid enim tenerum spirant, vel amabile miscent,
Lilia, vel violæ, purpureæque rosæ,
Quique aliis alii succedunt floribus, omne
Ex uno excipiunt simplice flore decus.

AMOR INERMIS.

QUA myrtus ramis viridem contexuit umbram.
Diffusis, jacuit semisupina Chloe.
Huc tacito accessit tendens vestigia gressu,
Et furtim in molli pectore sedit amor.

Over her paps his wings he spread,
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd,
How she the vagrant might enthral;
And captive him, who captives all.
Her boddice half-way she unlac'd:
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain:
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way:
Who stray'd, alas, but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

ansis mammas alis protexit, et intus
ntrusum occuluit parvulus erro caput.

nympha excussit somnum, perterrita numen
n tepido sensit delituisse sinu.
revocans animos, fraudem sub pectore versat,
ætera qui fallit, fallere certa deum.
n solvens zonam, pueri per brachia ducit,
t teneras vincit callida nympha manus.

itum lædunt divum nova vincula; somne,
on ita cum vinc'lis excutienda tuis;
filum vano tentat diffringere nisu,
er frustra ad celerem tenditur ala fugam.

repidam quatiens pennam, cum fletibus inquit,
ortunæ ignoscas, blanda puella, meæ;
oscas, si cæcum, inquit, me devius error
uxerit ad pectus, candida virgo, tuum:
ius error erat certe; namque heu bene nôram,
uod sedes illic non habiturus eram.
ittas captivum, oro; qui nil tibi, nympha, est
olitus, certe nil tibi, nympha, mali.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed! secure my virgin heart;
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day,
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, flutt'ring, idle guest.

ec me scire juvat, cui rettulit illa,
r venias, quo fugiasve vagus ;
uæ latebræ, quæ sint habitacula, curæ est,
, quâ nectas in regione moram ;
ittam ; neque enim tibi credo ; parabas
e insidias, insidiasque mihi.

quæ curæ urgent tibi pectus inanes !
ns arcus, et tibi tela dabo :
i, chara Chloe, si vincula solves,
io libeat, rursus abire sines.

defende meum de vulnere pectus,
les arcus, et mihi tela lubens :
i, chare puer, tum vincula solvam,
.o libeat, rursus abire sinam.
puero solvit nympha, et sua nymphæ,
solventi, tradidit arma puer.

: lusu puerili exercet inermis,
nes curat virgineosque greges :
d pectus volitat, nymphamque revisit ;
: innocuum numen, et hospes iners.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid,
Governs the world in Cupid's stead,
Directs his arrows, as she wills;
Gives grief or pleasure, spares or kills.

CHLOE HUNTING.

BY THE SAME HAND.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said;
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake:
And laughing cried, learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's banks, or Latmus' peak.

Hinc arcus pharetramque gerens funestaque tela
Pro libitu passim dirigit arma Chloe;
Pro libita parcit vel vulnerat; ipsa Cupido
Et simul in terris regnat, et ipsa Venus.

CHLOE VENATRIX.

FORTE Chloe, pulchros nodo collecta capillos
Post collum, pharetrâque latus succincta decorâ,
Venatrix ad sylvam ibat; cervumque secuta
Elapsum visu, deserta per avia tendit
Incerta. Errantem nympham conspexit Apollo,
Et, converte tuos, dixit, mea Cynthia, cursus;
En ibi (monstravitque manu) tibi cervus anhelat
Occultus dumo, latebrisque moratur in illis.
Improbus hæc audivit Amor, lepidumque cachinnum
Attollens, poterantne etiam tua numina falli?
Hinc quæso, bone Phœbe, tuam dignosce sororem,
Et melius venerare meam. Tua Cynthia longe
Mæandri ad ripas, aut summi in vertice Latmi,
Versatur; nostra est soror hæc, nostra, inquit,
amicâ est:

But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know;
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighb'ring grove
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I, and my Chloe, take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

THE GARLAND.

BY THE SAME HAND.

I.

THE pride of every grove I chose.
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

Hæc nostros promit calamos, arcumque sonantem
Incurvat, Tamumque colens, placidosque ..cessus
Lucorum, quos alma quies sacravit amori.
Ite per umbrosos saltus, lustrisque vel aprum
Excutite horrentem setis, cervumve fugacem,
Tuque sororque tua, et directo sternite ferro :
Nobilior labor, et divis dignissima cura,
Meque Chloenque manet ; nos corda humana ferimus,
Vibrantes certum vulnus, nec inutile telum.

SERTUM.

I.

SELEGI nemoris suave est quodcunque vel horti,
Liliaque, et violas, virgineasque rosas ;
Quod caryophyllis pulchre variatur, ut esset,
Ornatum capiti texeret unde Chloe.

II.

Illa statim in sertum textos imponere flores
Dignata est pulchris, munere læta, comis ;
At neque sic positis, si virginis ora videres,
Gratia vel formæ par, vel odoris, erat.

III.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their colours lost, their odours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain,
This change of humour; pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear, what does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,

III.

Quæ primo induerat florum redimicula mane,
Gessit per totum nympha venusta diem:
Et juvenes pariter, pariter dixêre puellæ,
Non in natali sic nituisse solo.

IV.

Exuta ut flores sensit, quod nulla colorum
Vespere restaret gratia, nullus odor;
Palluit obtutu, gemuitque, oculoque pudice
Demisso, sertum dejiciebat humi.

V.

Ille, silens quamvis, musâ facundior omni,
Index egregiæ mentis ocellus erat;
Cum furtim ex illo, gemmæ rutilantis ad instar,
Pulchram humectaret lucida gutta genam.

VI.

Quod scivi, nescivi; et cur, charissima vita,
Oh! mea lux, dixi, cur ea gutta cadit?
Unde obiit pallor vultus? fare, obsecro, fare,
Tam subito lapsu gutta quid illa velit?

VII.

Ecce! unde! (ingemuitque simul, peramabile ridens)
Ecce! ait interpres pulchra, sit unde dolor!

See friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one:
At noon both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shrowd.

X.

Such as she is, who died to day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

Dona tua en quantum, paucis fugientibus horis,
Unica mutârit tota nec illa, dies!

VIII.

Hei mihi! quod floret languetque superbia Maii,
Floret idem formæ gloria, languet idem;
Utraque mane vigens placidumque et dulce rubescit;
Utraque marcescit vespere, pallet, abit.

IX.

Cum mane illuxit, multos Stella inter amantes,
Saltibus et cantu, lusus amorque fuit:
Vespere pallentem conspexi in frigore mortis,
Osculaque exangui terque quaterque dedi.

X.

Triste hodie et pallens quod cernitur illa, videbor
Cras istud forsan triste cadaver ego;
I, Damon, musamque jube describere versu,
Quam justo doleat vestra dolore Chloe.

THE WREATH.

TRANSLATED BY MR. D. LEWIS.

I.

SWEET, lovely, chaste,
Ye lilies haste,
That in the vallies breathe:
To Phyllis haste,
Sweet, lovely, chaste,
For Phyllis twine the wreath.

II.

Ye roses come,
With virgin-bloom,
The pride of gardens own'd;
That from your bed
Diffusive shed
Ambrosial odours round.

COROLLA.

I.

LILIA, adeste,
Gloria vallis,
Candida castaque,
Sertaque nectite
Castæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candidæ ;

II.

Virgineæ rosæ,
Quæ decus horti
Suave rubescitis,
Ambrosiosque
Fusius exha-
latis odores ;

III.

Ye violets too,
In fields that grow,
And drink the vernal dew;
That dash the woods,
The meads, the floods,
With drops of purple hue.

IV.

And all ye flowers,
Whose wilder stores
O'er nature's face are seen;
Whose various dyes
Promiscuous rise,
And paint th' enamell'd green.

V.

Come, herbs, all ye
That tempt the bee
From leaf to leaf to roam;
Whose balmy veins
Reward her pains,
And send her loaded home.

III.

Vos violæ, quæ,
Luxuriantis
Purpura veris,
Nascimini, sub-
nasciminique,
Pulchræ, humilesque ;

IV.

Vos quoque, flosculi,
Copia ruris,
Quâ variatur
Omnis agellus,
Quâ decoratur
Omne viretum ;

V.

Vos redolentes
Herbulæ, adeste,
Quas operosæ
Delibant apes,
Florea per loca
Huc illuc vagæ ;

VI.

All, all be join'd,
Of ev'ry kind,
Flowers, herbs; the sweet, the gay;
Twist arm in arm,
Weave charm with charm,
To Phyllis haste away.

VII.

Come, and invest
Her snowy breast,
Come, bind her flowing hair;
Like Flora's dress
Be Phyllis's;
Like Flora she is fair.

VIII.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye flowers,
Whate'er, ye herbs, can give;
Nor shall your aid
Long grace the maid,
Nor have you long to live.

VI.

Herbulæ, adeste,
Vos quoque, flosculi,
Et simul omnes
Intertexite
Mille colores,
Milleque odores;

VII.

Sic redimite
Phyllida nostram,
Ut neque Flora
Vestra decentior,
Aut dea sit ju-
cundior aspici.

VIII.

At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille potestis
Addere flores,
Addere flosculi:

IX.

A little while
Your glories smile,
A little, little reign;
The sun, that warms
Your opening charms,
Oft sees them close again.

X.

Or if they stay
Another day,
And yet another sun;
Then comes a blaze
Of fiercer rays;
They wither and are gone.

XI.

A year consumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes place:
Another new
Shall then ensue,
Another new, to pass.

IX.

Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit et idem:

X.

Quosve recludit
Forsan et alter, et
Alter ab altero,
Proximus, et qui
Nascitur illo,
Urit, adurit.

XI.

Interit annus,
Et subit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus.

XII.

But, all the while,
Her beauties smile,
And tempt the lover's care:
A year consumes,
Another comes;
And Phyllis still is fair.

XIII.

To all one date
Assigns not fate,
As plain, too plain, appears;
Your glories live,
Days four or five,
But hers as many years.

XIV.

Yet, gentlest race,
Your fleeting grace
To blooming Phyllis lend:
And, as you fade,
Remind the maid,
That years like days must end.

XII.

Sed florescere
Cernit eâdem
Phyllida formâ,
Quique recedit,
Quique supervenit,
Alter et alter.

XIII.

Non datur ætas
Omnibus una,
Nec decet omnes
Una superbia;
Cedite Phyllidi,
Cedite, flosculi.

XIV.

Cedite, sed ce-
dendo dierum
Quo fuga ritu
Pergit, eodem
Dicite et annos
Ire, perire.

MELISSA.

TRANSLATED BY MR. S. WESLEY.

IF, friend, a wife you mean to wed,
Worthy of your board and bed,
That she be virtuous, be your care,
Not too rich, and not too fair:
One who nor labours to display
New complexions every day,
Nor, studying artificial grace,
Out of boxes culls a face.
Nor live-long hours for dressing spares,
Placing to displace her hairs,
And straight replace; an idle pin
Ten times shifting out and in.
Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
Thrice her silks, and colours thrice:
Fond o'er and o'er her suits to range,
Changing still, and still to change.

MELISSA.

HANC, Marce, cum ducetur uxor, elige
Mensæque consortem et tori:
Bene moribus morata, quæ formâ placet,
Nec dote dotatur nimis.
Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
Se fingere et refingere;
Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex
Ab hac, ad illâ pyxide.
Nec dislocandis et locandis crinibus,
Quos iterum et iterum dislocet,
Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
Deciesque figens et movens.
Nec exuendis induendis vestibus,
Diversa ter, ter discolor,
Jubar evehit cum Phœbus, et cum devehit,
Mutatur, et mutabitur.

Nor gads to pay, with busy air,
Trifling visits here and there;
Long rapping at each door aloud,
Nuisance to a neighbourhood.
If e'er a play she deign to see,
(Very rarely shall it be)
She likes not wit in lewdness shown,
Jests ill-manner'd for a clown;
But hears, with ignorance or rage,
Double meanings of the stage.
Her spotless mind, the lustful tale
Nauseates in the nicest veil.
She ne'er is found in crowds unclean,
Ent'red mysteries obscene;
Nor seeks in mask, and antic dress,
Unconfin'd lasciviousness:
Nor pale, and angry, gaming high,
Rattles the unlucky die.
Till sun-rise restless vigils keeps,
Light consuming in her sleeps;
Inverting nature, turns with play
Day to night, and night to day.

Nec visitando pulsat has et has fores,
Ut portet importunum ave,
Meam inquietans et tuam viciniam
Ineptiis et otio.
Si forte spectatrix theatris interest,
(Et interest rarissima)
Illiberales nescit infacetias,
Et non verecundos sales
Audire patiens ; omnis immodestiæ
Perosa turpitudinem ;
Sensûsque dubii et involuti ambagibus
Impura nauseat abdita.
Nec initiatur mysticis congressibus,
Noctisque cæremoniis,
Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
Lasciviat ut audentior.
Nec, invenustis ut fritillis increpet,
Et aleis impalleat,
Tenebras ad usque solis ortum vigiliis
Lucemque dat soporibus ;
Dulces diei et noctis invertens vice
Ratasque leges temporum.

This round of follies let her choose,
  Flitting life who likes to lose,
And lets her quickly-ending days
  Pass, and perish, as they pass.
The time that vulgar maids despise,
  Careless, thoughtless, how it flies,
Melissa wise, esteems, and knows
  Well to use it, ere it goes.
If e'er Melissa wed my friend,
  With her ent'ring shall attend
Virtues and graces by her side,
  Bride-maids fit for such a bride:
Neat beauty without art display'd,
  Rosy health with native red;
With her bright innocence shall go,
  Purer than the falling snow:
Quiet, that far from quarrels flies;
  Mirth and pleasure, love and joys:
Firm faith, that plighted promise keeps,
  Silence watching o'er her lips:
Prudence, that ponders all events,
  Wealth-increasing diligence:

Properantis ævi circulum nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermeare quæ fugam vitæ sinit,
Brevemque summam negligit.
Quos ire et interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans
Vulgus puellarum, Melissa computat
Feliciore calculo.
Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,
Et cum Melissâ conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis gratias,
Sacrumque virtutum chorum.
Sine arte compta, et elegans sine tædio,
Aderit venustas; et salus
Suo rubore rosea; et innocentia
Candente purior nive:
Aderit amor, risus, voluptas, gaudium,
Et litium fugax quies:
Aderit labella comprimens taciturnitas,
Et fœderis servans fides;
Et omnis eventûs memor prudentia,
Divesque rerum industria:

Religion, mindful what is ow'd
To herself and to her God.
Patient to bear, to pardon free,
Loveliest grace humanity!
If erring nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail:
Who hates low-whisper'd spite conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since envy makes with rumour'd lies
Friends and brethren enemies.
Good-breeding shall her handmaid be,
Join'd with chaste-look'd modesty;
While open heart, and hand, and face,
Hospitality displays.
If e'er Melissa grace your home,
These attendants with her come.
Whate'er can good or ill befal,
Faithful partner she of all.
Whose wisdom, teaching well to bear,
Sooths the bitterness of care;
Whose joy, if prosp'rous fate you meet,
Adds new sweetness to the sweet.
These ties will nuptial love engage,
Down from youth to hoary age,

Accedet his virtutibus pia humilitas,
Nunquam immemor Dei aut sui.
Regina gratiarum aderit humanitas,
Perferre facilis et pati,
Humana si natura quid deliquerit,
Aut caverit siquid parum :
Calumniantium susurros improbans,
Paucisque notam infamiam ;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut malignitas,
Inimicat urbes et domos.
Famulabitur castum intuens modestia,
Et docta cultu urbanitas ;
Et advenis præsens domi hospitalitas,
Aperta vultus et manum.
His cum sodalibus Melissa gratiis
Ducetur ad tuam domum ;
Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile est,
Et vera tecum particeps ;
Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
Et consulendo temperet ;
Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
Et quæ novis addat novas.
Irrupta copula hisce continebitur,
His vinculis firmabitur,

If e'er Melissa, lovely spouse!
Life's companion! crown your vows.
Such, such a consort choose to wed,
Worthy of your board and bed.

DEDICATION

Prefixed to TABLES of ancient COINS, WEIGHTS and MEASURES; In the YEAR 1727. By Mr. CHARLES ARBUTHNOT, Student of Christ-Church, Oxford.

TO THE KING.

GREAT name *, which in our rolls recorded stands,
Leads, honours, and protects the learned bands,
Accept this offering to thy bounty due,
And Roman wealth in English sterling view.
Read here, how Britain, once despis'd, can raise
As ample sums, as Rome in Cæsar's days;
Pour forth as numerous legions on the plain,
And with more dreadful navies awe the main.
Tho' shorter lines her fix'd dominions bind,
Her floating empire stretches unconfin'd.

* The King's name stands first in the buttery-book of Christ-Church College.

Validis ab annis ad senectam, si tuæ
Melissa sit vitæ comes;
Quam, Marce, cum ducetur uxor, elige,
Mensæque consortem et tori.

DEDICATIO AD REGEM,

IN IPSIUS GRATIAM LATINE REDDITA.

AUGUSTUM nomen, nostro qui primus in albo
Præfulges, doctasque auges, quas protegis, artes;
Externas digneris opes, veterumque monetam,
Et Romæ Angliacâ librare numismata lance.
Hîc lege, quas, olim neglecta, Britannia jactet,
Queis neque, devicti spoliis orientis onusta,
Roma recensebat plures sub Cæsare gazas;
Quot campum agminibus stipet, quo fulmine, quantis
Per mare diffusas classes terroribus armet,
Et tua quam late pandat vexilla per orbem.

From Thetis' stores, and not her neighbours' spoils,
She draws her treasure, fruit of honest toils.
Rome sack'd, and plunder'd; Britain clothes and
feeds;
Acquires their riches, but supplies their needs.

Sweet seat of freedom! be thy happier doom,
To 'scape the fate, as well as guilt of Rome:
Where riot, offspring of unwieldy store,
Enerv'd those arms, that snatch'd the spoil before;
With costly cates she stain'd her frugal board,
Then with ill-gotten gold she bought a lord.
Corruption, discord, luxury combin'd,
Down sunk the far-fam'd mistress of mankind.

Hear, righteous prince! O hear us loud invoke
Thy worth unblemish'd, to avert this stroke:
Yourself so free from ev'ry lawless view,
You scarce admit the homage that is due.
Let other monarchs, with invasive bands,
Lessen their people, and extend their lands;
By gasping nations hated and obey'd,
Lords of the deserts, that their sword has made;

Clausa licet terras spatiis brevioribus, udum,
Qua pontus patet usque ambos porrectus ad Indos,
Vendicat imperium: nec passim, ut Roma, rapinis
Omnia divexans, armis sua furta tuetur,
Audax grassatrix; sed cultu divitis arvi
Proventus, peregrino auro, telæque labores
Mutat lanificæ, vestire et pascere gentes
Læta magis, quam vi nudare, et perdere ferro.

Esto tibi, O libertatis pulcherrima sedes,
Sors melior, nescire et fata et crimina Romæ,
Cui studiosa dapum inventrix, et prodiga mensæ
Luxuries, et copia iners, visuque libido
Obscœna, in tantum nervos animosque resolvit,
Degener ut prorsus morum, fœcundaque culpæ,
Servitii pretiosa emptrix, plebemque patresque
Corrupta, et discors armis, et perdita luxu,
Corruerit victrix orbis, rerumque potita.

O pater! O princeps! nec frustra assuete vocari:
Audi, obtestamur majestatemque fidemque
Virtutemque tuam, nobisque averte malorum
Hanc faciem; ipse adeo procul ambitionis ab œstro,
Ut tibi vix solvi meritos patiaris honores.
Injustis alii reges dominentur in armis,
Quos aut cædis amor, famæve insana cupido
Imperii fines late signare ruinâ

For thee kind heav'n a nobler task design'd,
To fix thy empire on thy people's mind;
High on thy British throne, to mark from far,
And calm the billows of the rising war;
To smooth the frowns on fair Europa's face,
And force reluctant nations to embrace.
As late the jarring winds, with mingled roar,
Struggled to wreck, yet wafted you to shore:
So shall the storm, that threats your peaceful land,
Roll harmless o'er, or burst, where you command.

Impulit, et vacui deserta extendere regni :
Hæ tibi sunt artes, cœlo O ! charissime princeps,
Excelso a solio procul observare procellam
Nascentem, et belli primos compescere fluctus ;
Contractam terrore Europæ expandere frontem,
Ducere in amplexum populos, et fœdere gentes
Jungere, et in pacem luctantia cogere regna.
Utque tuam adversi nuper cum murmure venti
Frangere paulisper conati, egêre Britannum
Ad portum, et tuto posuêre in littore navem :
Sic quæ jam stragem intentat felicibus Anglis
Tempestas, sævitque minis, martemque lacessit,
Te medium belli pacisque ubi senserit, ultro
Innocuos fluctus Britonum devolvet ab oris,
Et frustra inceptas ponet submissior iras.

ANUS SÆCULARIS:

Quæ justam centum annorum ætatem, ipso die natali, explevit et clausit, anno 1728.

SINGULARIS prodigium O senectæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis!
Cujus annorum series in amplum
Desinit orbem!
Vulgus infelix hominum, dies, en!
Computo quam dispare computamus!
Quam tuâ a summâ procul est remota
Summula nostra!
Pabulum nos luxuriesque lethi,
Nos, simul nati, incipimus perire;
Nos statim a cunis cita destinamur
Præda sepulchro.
Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut male pertinacis
Semina morbi.

Sin brevem posset superare vita
Terminum, quicquid superest, vacivum
Illud ignavis superest, et imbe-
cillibus annis.

Detrahunt multum minuuntque sorti
Morbidi questus gemitusque anheli;
Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
Atque dolores.

Siquis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laborioso
Ad tuum, fortasse tuum, moretur
Reptilis ævum;

At videt, mœstum tibi sæpe visum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, et inso-
lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
Ire tenore.

Nil inest rebus novitatis; id quod
Sæculum præsens videt, illud ipsum
Vidit elapsum prius, et videbit
Omne futurum.

Temporum quicquid variatur, et quod
Uspiam est nugarum et ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt et revolvi
Circulus ævi.

Integram ætatem tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis satis æstimamus,
Si tuam, saltem vacuam querelis,
Dimidiemus.

AD GRILLUM.

ANACREONTICUM.

I.

O QUI meæ culinæ
Argutulus choraules,
Et hospes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicitatis omen;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo musâ.

II.

Dicêris innocensque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,

Ut sorices voraces,
Muresve curiosi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domesticorum,
Sed tutus in camini
Recessibus, quiete
Contentus et calore.

III.

Beatior cicadâ,
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur;
Et saltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud secundæ,
Æstatis est chorista:
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus per universum
Incontinenter annum.

IV.

Te nulla lux relinquit,
Te nulla nox revisit,
Non musicæ vacantem,
Curisve non solutum:

Quin amplies canendo,
Quin amplies fruendo,
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos homunciones
Absumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

SOLITUDO REGIA

RICHMONDIENSIS.

SIQUIS uspiam angulus,
Vel in recessu sylvulæ vel horti
Solitudini vacet;
Sit, O! sit illic, hospitâ sub umbrâ,
Grata regibus quies.
Sub hâc parumper agmen aulicorum
Usque et usque supplicum,
Sub hâc molestas gratulationes
Confluentium undique
Refugerint: tum verius beati,
Quando tædium imperî

Semoverint, onusque dignitatis.
Grande quid vel aureum
Conspexeris? nec illud est, nec illud,
Principes quod augeat:
Prudentiâ sed rite temperatum
Pectus, et suî potens
Augusta mens, felix, abunde felix,
In silentio casæ.
Nec his, superbi quos juvant tumultus,
Invidete cellulam:
Fruantur, æquum est, hac brevi quiete,
Otioque simplici,
Salute qui pro civium laborant.

MUTUA BENEVOLENTIA PRIMARIA LEX NATURÆ EST.

PER Libyæ Androcles siccas errabat arenas,
Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul herum.
Lassato tandem, fractoque labore viarum,
Ad scopuli patuit cæca caverna latus,

Hanc subit; et placidè dederat vix membra quieti,
Cum subito immanis rugit ad antra leo:
Ille pedem attollens læsum, et miserabile murmur
Edens, quâ poterat voce, precatur opem.
Perculsus novitate rei, incertusque timore,
Vix tandem tremulas admovet erro manus:
Et spinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere spina
Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit.
Continuo dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor;
Et coit, absterso sanguine, rupta cutis.
Nunc iterum sylvas dumosque peragrat; et affert
Providus assiduas hospes ad antra dapes.
Juxta epulis accumbit homo conviva leonis,
Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.
Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ!
Vix furor ultoris tristior esset heri.
Devotum certis caput objectare perici'lis,
Et patrios statuit rursus adire lares.
Traditur hîc, fera facturus spectacula plebi,
Accipit et miserum tristis arena reum.
Irruit e caveis fors idem impastus, et acer,
Et medicum attonito suspicit ore leo;
Suspicit, et veterem agnoscens vetus hospes amicum.
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.

Quid vero perculsi animis stupuêre, Quirites?
Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides?
Unius naturæ opus est; ea sola furorem
Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

Cantabrigiæ, in comitiis prioribus, 1716-7.

AD

DAVIDEM COOK,

WESTMONASTERII Custodem nocturnum et vigilantissimum, anno 1716.

INDICIUM qui sæpe mihi das carmen amoris,
Reddo tibi indicium carmen amoris ego.
Hei faustum et felix multum mihi mane precaris;
Dico atque ingemino nunc tibi rursus, ave.
Nequa dinumerat gallus constantius horas,
Nec magis is certo provocat ore diem.
Tu variis implent tenebræ terroribus orbem,
Tum comite assuetum cum cane carpis iter.

Nec te, quos seræ emittunt post vina popinæ,
Nec te, quos lemures plurima vidit anus;
Nec te perterrent, nodoso stipite fretum,
Subdola qui tacito pectore furta parant.
Sed, si cui occurras, primâ qui portat ad urbem
Sub luce, exiguus quas dedit hortus opes,
Hunc placidis dictis, et voce affaris amicâ;
Utque dies faustâ luce, precaris, eat.
Tinnitu adventum signans, oriantur an astra,
Narras, an pure lucida luna micet.
Dumque quies nos alta manet, nec frigoris ullus
Securos, pluviæ nec metus ullus habet;
Tu gelidos inter ventos versaris et imbres,
Cum mala tempestas, et nigra sævit hiems.
Seu te præsentem vicus, seu viculus, audit;
Nocturnum multo carmine fallis iter.
Quid si, culta minus, doctâ vacet arte poësis,
Si simplex versus sit, numerique rudes;
Invidiam somnus (tanta indulgentia noctis)
Opprimit; et livor, te recitante, silet.
Divorum hyberni menses quotcunque celebrant,
Cuique locum et versum dat tua musa suum:
Crispino ante omnes; neque enim sine carmine fas est
Nobile sutorum præteriisse decus.

tua te pietas fieri permiserit unquam
esaris immemorem Cæsareæque domûs.
io dominos multo dominasque salutas;
ratia nec fidæ sedulitatis abest.
a docens juvenes, et pulchras multa puellas,
ile tu pueris virginibusque canis:
ugium felix monitis utentibus optas,
inctaque quæ castus gaudia lectus habet.
ionitor famulis sexûs utriusque benignus,
unditias illis præcipis, hisce fidem.
ibus at votis hoc oras atque peroras,
dominis cedant prospera quæque tuis.
n hoc præ cunctis meminisse hortaris, ut imis
mma etiam exæquet mortis amica manus.
tibi pro totidem meritis speremus? amori
iisve tuo æqualis retribuatur amor?
e tuusque canis si nos visetis, uterque
ati eritis nobis, tuque tuusque canis.
domos adeas, et non ignobile munus
ulla minus solido) dent tibi mille domus;
ique bonum exoptas nobis, lætumque Decembrem,
o tibi pariter lætus, et esto bonus.

IN OBITUM ROUSSÆI,

Collegio Trinitatis Servi a cubiculis, anno 1721.

ALME Charon, (nam tandem omnes, qui nascimur et qui
Nascemur, tua nos cymba aliquando manet)
Per ripas fer circum oculos, omnesque recense
Manes, ad Stygias qui glomerantur aquas;
Prospice, si crassam fors exploraveris umbram,
Non est in toto crassior umbra loco.
Luctantem cernes, animasque hinc inde minores
Turbantem, ut cubito pandat utroque viam.
Squalidus et pinguis totus, tibi navita dextram
Tendet, ad Elysii trajiciendus agros.
Dum vixit, Roussæus erat, nostri accola Cami,
Quem puerum novit, novit et unda senem.
Navita non illo melior fuit; esset agenda
Seu remis, conto seu subigenda, ratis.
Nec quisquam ex humero contorsit rete sinistro,
Certius incautis piscibus exitium.

Quid tamen hæc memoro, Canius cum perfidus ideni
Roussæum inviso merserit amne suum!
Hunc nostro ut reddas cœlo, te carmine multo,
Alme Charon, Grantæ mœsta juventa petit.
Sin Parcæ prohibent, et inexorabilis Orci,
Quem petimus, reditum lex inimica vetat:
Hoc saltem concede; admotâ ad littora cymbâ,
Per Stygium nautam transvehe, nauta, lacum.
Nec poscas naulum; loculos nam vivus inanes
Gessit, et haud obolum, quem tibi solvat, habet.
Quod si tam crebras transmittere te piget umbras,
Et longum refugis, portitor unus, opus:
Accipe divisi socium comitemque laboris;
Divisus levior fiet utrique labor.
Adde quod (ut similes estis) dubitabitur, utrum
Roussæus geminus sit, geminusve Charon.

EPITAPHIUM IN CANEM.

PAUPERIS hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,

Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, qua prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amice
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ,
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque
Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

EPITAPHIUM IN CANEM.

QUI observantiam et fidem,
Ubicunque spectentur,
Amare non dedignaris,
Phyllidi, cani obsequentissimæ,
Per undecim annorum spatium
Hero in venatibus et terrâ et aquâ
Comiti et adjutrici sagacissimæ,
Vix hanc invidebis urnam;
Herilis utpote gratitudinis
Inusitatius fortasse, sed condonabile, testimonium.

DENNERI ANUS*.

DOCTUM anus artificem, juste celebrata, fatetur,
Denneri pinxit quam studiosa manus.

* Diu publico fuit spectaculo egregia hæc tabula, in arcâ palatinâ exteriori, juxta fanum Westmonasteriense.

Nec stupor est oculis, fronti nec ruga severa;
Flaccida nec sulcis pendet utrinque gena.
Nil habet illepidum, morosum, aut triste tabella;
Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
Apparent nivei vittæ sub margine cani,
Fila colorati qualia Seres habent.
Lanugo mentum, sed quæ tenuissima, vestit;
Mollisque, et qualis Persica mala tegit.
Nulla vel e minimis fugiunt spiracula visum;
At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit usquam,
Quosque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.
Adveniunt juvenes; et, anus si possit amari,
Dennere, agnoscunt hoc meruisse tuam.
Adveniunt hilares nymphæ; similemque senectam,
Tam pulchram et placidam, dent sibi fata, rogant.
Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
Quod nihil horrendum ridiculumve vident.
Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa senectus;
Quæ facit, ut nymphis invideatur anus!
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cum nec Apelli
Majorem famam det Cytherea suo!

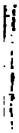
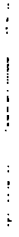
AD

JOHANNEM PERKINS

Astrologum Cantabrigiensem.

LUSIT, amabiliter lusit Fortuna jocosa,
Et tunc, siquando, tunc oculata fuit,
Cum tibi, Johannes, * Newtoni sternere lectum,
Cum tibi Museum verrere diva dedit.
Nam dum ille intentus studiis cœlestibus hæsit,
Concipiens ambos mente capace polos;
Quantâ cum stellis stellæ, cumque orbibus orbes,
Harmoniâ servent, quoque tenore, vices:
Impete quo cursum acceleret per inane cometes,
Urgeat ut rapidam præcipitetque fugam:
Hæc ille expendens animo, dum schemata docta
Format, et ad numeros grande reducit opus;
Tu quoque cognatus stellis, Martique Jovique,
Mercurio et Veneri, non rudis hospes eras:

* Isaaci Newton, Eq. Aur. cujus fama longiori annotatione non eget.

Tuque genethliacas sollers quadrare tabellas,
Felix natalis necne sit hora, doces;
Quo junctum affectu fuerit cum sidere sidus,
Quo, legis, aspectu res hominesque regat.
Tuque etiam, interpres fatorum, et nuncius astris,
Callidus æthereas es reserare domos.
Quem meritis fortuna tuis indulsit honorem,
O adeo illustri digne minister hero!
Quis non invideat frater tibi muneris illud?
Quis tua non laudet sidera φιλομαθής?
Cum musis musæ famulantur, et artibus artes,
Majori (ut fas est) obsequiosa minor;
Nec melior lex est, nec convenientior æquo,
Quam siet astronomo servus ut astrologus.

FINIS TOMI PRIMI.